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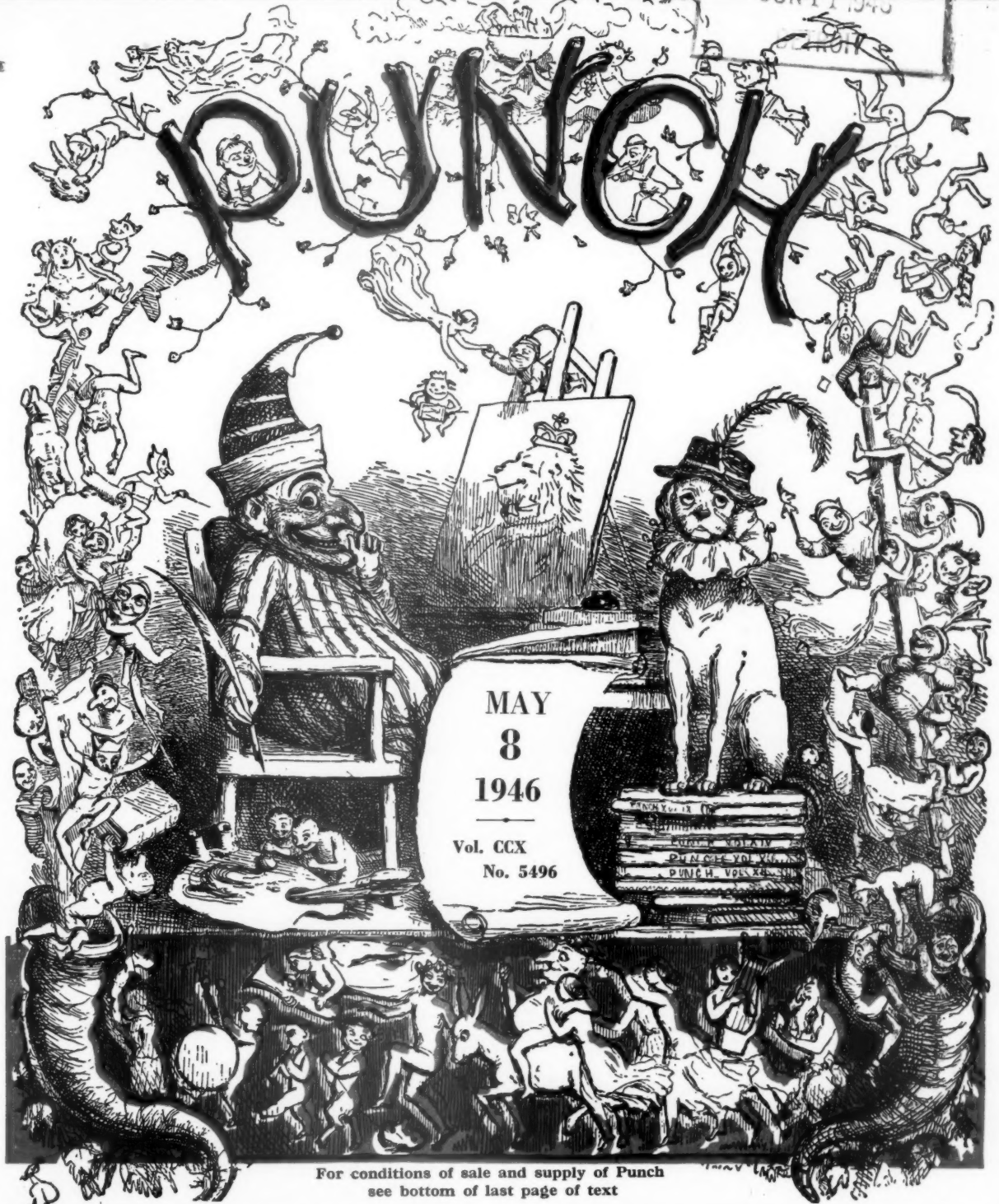
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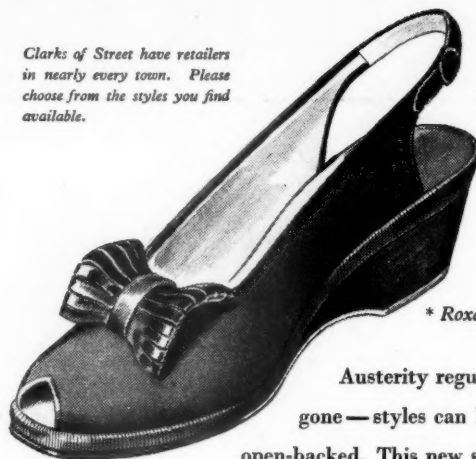
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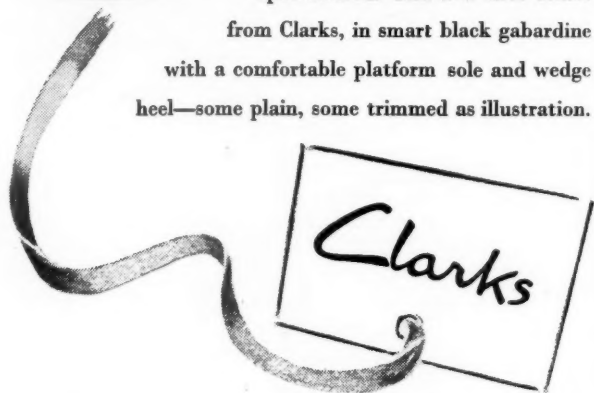
W-5

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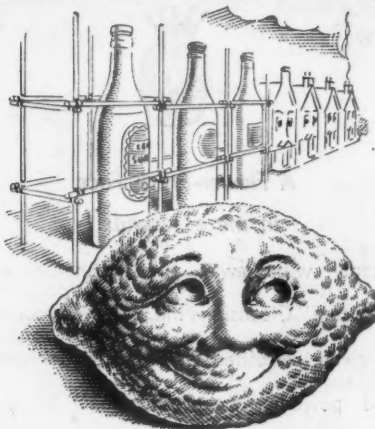
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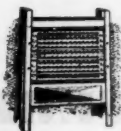
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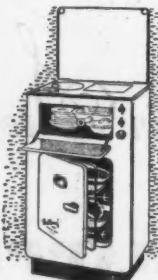
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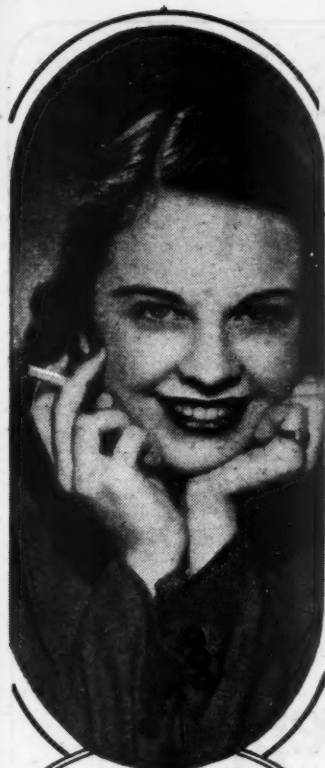
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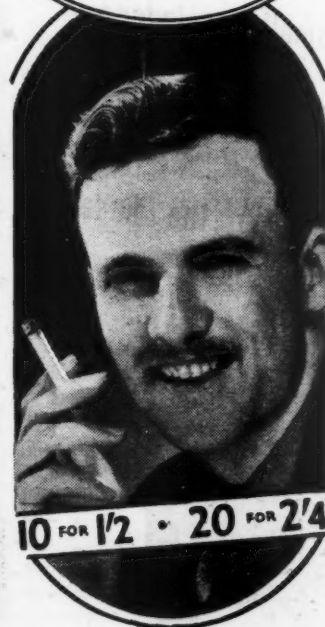
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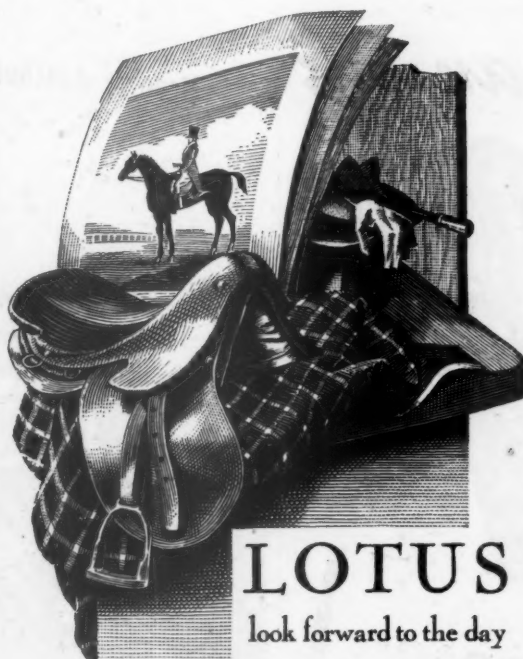


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It was always the custom for Ernest—so skilful with punt pole or oar—to navigate the family to Boulter's Lock on those glorious river parties of the 'seventies. Uncle James, of course, always had to choose the right spot for the picnic. And dear Mama would never pack the hamper without including some of those delicious Romary biscuits. Today, we look forward to more opportunities of indulging in those delightful biscuits which past joys have made more than a custom with us—*Romary's Wheaten Biscuits—Ginger Nuts and Honey Bake.*

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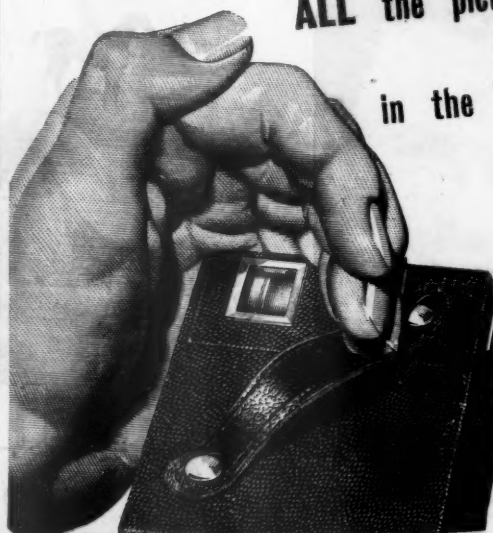


When
we lose "control"
we'll have a
Schweppes

Here's another small reminder:

ALL the picture

in the finder



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PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCX No. 5496

May 8 1946

Charivaria

"THE average American takes off his hat to Britain," says a New York newspaper. Although there seems to be some delay in passing it round.

The English lavender industry will be revived next year. By that time, housewives hope, it will synchronize with some sheets.

One hundred and thirty pounds was recently paid for an antique bed. Breakfast, of course, was extra.

Another small sign of improvement is that fish are gradually coming off the front page and getting back to their rightful place in the middle of the newspaper.



"Gladstone patted my curly locks in 1864," says a correspondent, "and now I am a bald-headed octogenarian!" Not that he blames the great statesman for that of course.

A Food Ministry spokesman says that most people won't notice that the new loaf is smaller. Possibly; but just let the Government try reducing the size of the pint!

The Zoo is advertising for a carpenter. This is believed to foreshadow a cut in the woodpecker's ration.

A Chelsea artist recalls that he once sold a picture while the paint was still wet. He might at least have fanned it with his hat.



"Afterwards, there was an exhibition of plain needlework, including a few pieces made of relatives of members ninety years ago." *Surrey paper.*

Old auntiemacassars, for instance?

Don't Look Now!

"Shapeless flowered cotton, art silk or plain taffeta frocks can be made into charming 18th-century dresses with the skirt slit up back the Commons. I saw a queue for seats outside St. Stephen's entrance and front and looped into panniers over a long, full skirt." *Manchester paper.*

Complaints have been made that telephone kiosks are not soundproof. The voice of a person using the instrument has been known to carry as far as the operator.

Nearly three million twopenny-halfpenny stamps were stolen recently. The police are said to be on the look-out for anyone starting a correspondence course on crime.

Rail travellers are advised to make more use of the Lost Property office. Only a cynic would inquire there about trains.



An unusually reliable correspondent says that when, by mistake, he dialled his own number on his own telephone he found himself automatically connected to the G.P.O.'s Schizophrenic Advisory Bureau.

"FORMER EATS HAM HEADMASTER." *Local paper.*

A natural error, but bad luck on the latter.

There have been so many armed hold-ups and smash-and-grab raids recently that magistrates are expected to compel juvenile delinquents to go to the cinema so they may not be influenced by what goes on outside.

The Export Trade

I HAD long intended to eat a lawn. I was brought to this way of thinking by a pamphlet entitled "Eating for Victory," which was published a few years ago and has already been mentioned in these pages. The author, Mr. T. R. B. Brandon, lives almost entirely on mown grass, with a few flower petals, oats and raisins thrown in to give body and flavour to his food.

"I elected," he writes, "to make my experiment with grass mowings, and finding that the sward in bowling greens was mowed regularly every other day, which meant that mowings were extremely short, therefore not only easy to masticate but also more quickly grown than mustard and cress, I decided to experiment with these, of which an ample supply was readily available to me."

Later on in the pamphlet a full recipe is given for a good square meal. "Fresh grass mowings with a few lettuce leaves nicely cut up and about an equal quantity of rose petals. These last should be cut up and mixed in as near to the time of eating as possible: as although the cutting up liberates both taste and aroma, these get dissipated with time, being extremely delicate. The petals need not be those of freshly-cut roses. I have always hesitated to sacrifice these to my appetite, so take the petals of roses which are dropping to pieces. Mix in sultanas, currants, uncooked rolled-oats and sugar; and sprinkle uncut petals over the whole before placing on the table."

It was not the late war which caused Mr. Brandon to adopt this dietary. He began it, I gather, in the year of grass 1936. He approached the then Minister of Health with his idea, but the Minister, he says, "was discouraging." He must, I suppose, have afterwards approached the Minister of Food, and it may well be that Lord Woolton showed an equal want of sympathy. He should approach Sir Ben Smith now. It seems unlikely that this Minister would be so irresponsible to so moving an appeal. It is far more probable that he would introduce the greener loaf, and if the rapacity of the public proved insatiate, would decide to ration it.

I, at any rate, was entirely convinced, and my only reason for not becoming a disciple of Mr. Brandon was a lack, as the phrase goes, of the requisite facilities. I had no sward. Possessing one (you may be very sure) I should not have allowed it to rest in my hand until I had mixed it with rose petals and made trial of Mr. Brandon's recipe. You would have soon seen me nibbling earnestly for victory in the master's wake.

Since then times have changed. I have become the possessor of a little piece of lawn and am ready at the earliest possible moment to begin eating for peace.

It is true that not everybody dignifies my plot of turf with the title of "lawn." "If I was you," they say (at any rate the postman says), "I should get down to that there bit of grass with a pair of good cutters." They all notice, in fact, that my lawn is growing much too long. It is as unlike a bowling-green as a lawn could well be. "If I was you," says the milkman, "I should take the whole top off it with a good spade and sow it again with fresh seed."

Poor advice for a hungry man: advice, too, which shows a lamentable ignorance of logic, metaphysics and psychology. If they was me they would *ex hypothesi* have the *me*-mind, and not the *they*-mind; and the *me*-mind revolts instinctively from the idea of getting down to my bit of grass with a pair of good cutters, or taking the top off with a good spade.

The *me*-mind would sooner starve. What the *me*-mind wants is a good lawn-mower.

Hearing the other day of a place where lawn-mowers were being sold, I immediately arranged to be transported to it in a motor-car.

"You have lawn-mowers?" I said sharply. The man in charge of agriculture looked at me with an expression in which sorrow and scorn were mingled as one.

"We *had* lawn-mowers," he said wearily. "Had fifty yesterday morning. They queued for them."

The vision of fifty people queueing for lawn-mowers, and still more of fifty people streaming away with them through the heart of London, dumbed me for a little while.

Then I asked when he would have any more.

"How do I know? We get our ration, and we don't know when the next is coming in. Might be a month, might be three months, might be more. It's on account of the export trade."

"Where are they sent to, do you think?"

He said I could search him. America, very likely, he said.

And so it seems that our lawn-mowers are being sent to the United States, where they have very likely never even heard of Mr. Brandon, while the demands of this country, which is in so dire a need of food, must remain unsatisfied. I have sultanas, I have one or two oats, and if I have no rose petals I could make shift with dead daffodils, with bluebells, and still more easily with dandelions; my grass, on the other hand, for lack of cutting, grows daily less nutritious and less easy to masticate. If we actually exported fresh grass cuttings as well as lawn-mowers I could understand the mentality of the present Government. As it is, we seem to be simply mowing off our own nose in order to spite our face. I should not hesitate to sacrifice the finest petals of any flower to strew over my mowings if only I had a mincing machine. As I write the laburnums are looking lovely, and I should have liked nothing better than to ask a few friends—bringing their own sugar—to sit around my humble sward.

EVOE.

To the Soldiers in Cambridge Square

I HAVE taken the salmon tins out of the Square.

I have sown grass on the little verges of the flower-beds where your feet did pass.

I have turned the sooty earth and fed it with mould.

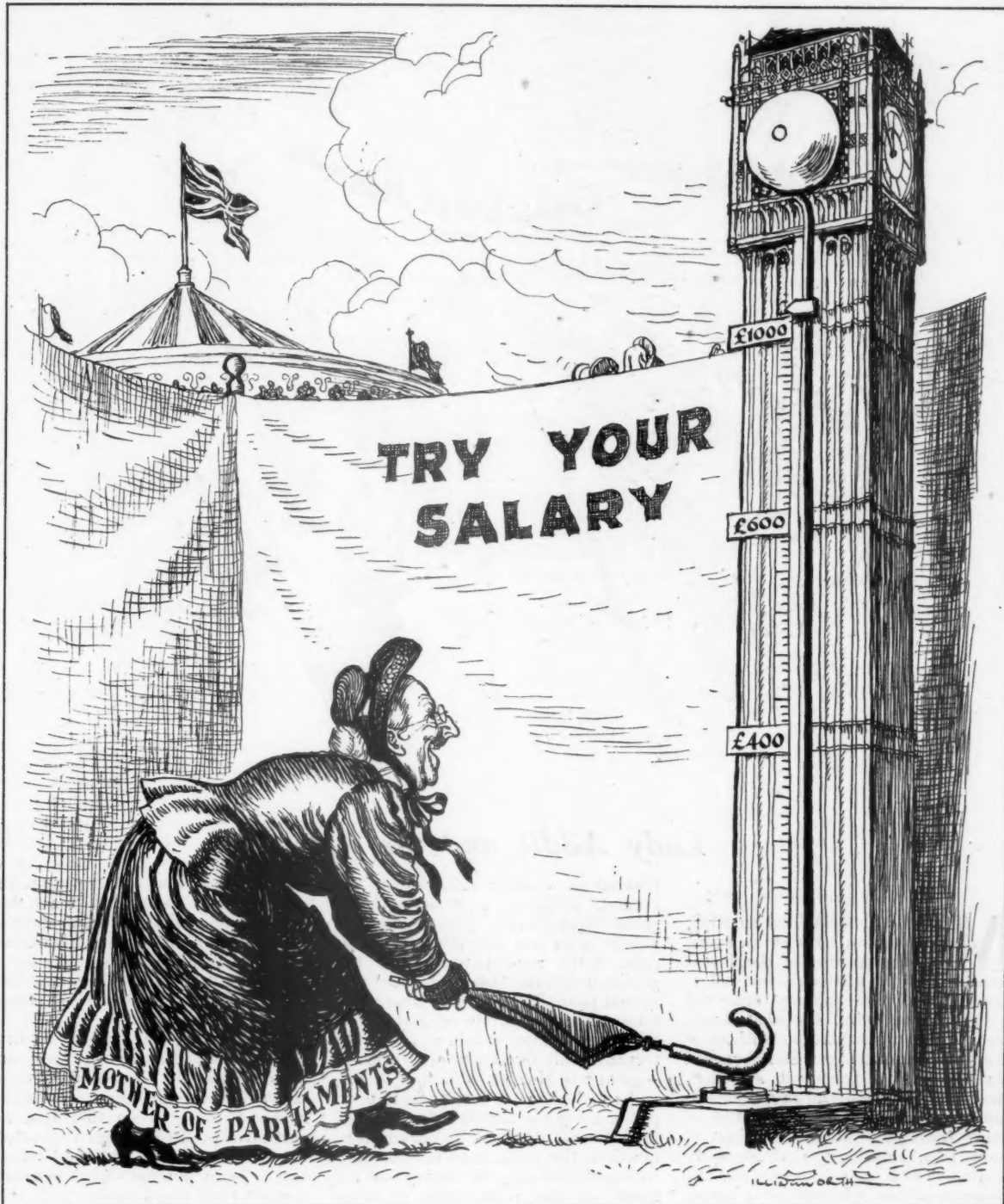
Your drum of oil has been replaced with a promise of green and gold in the new soil.

I have planted a white lilac tree by the gate.
(You can go through.)

This, and the mysterious piece of boiler plate, belong to you.

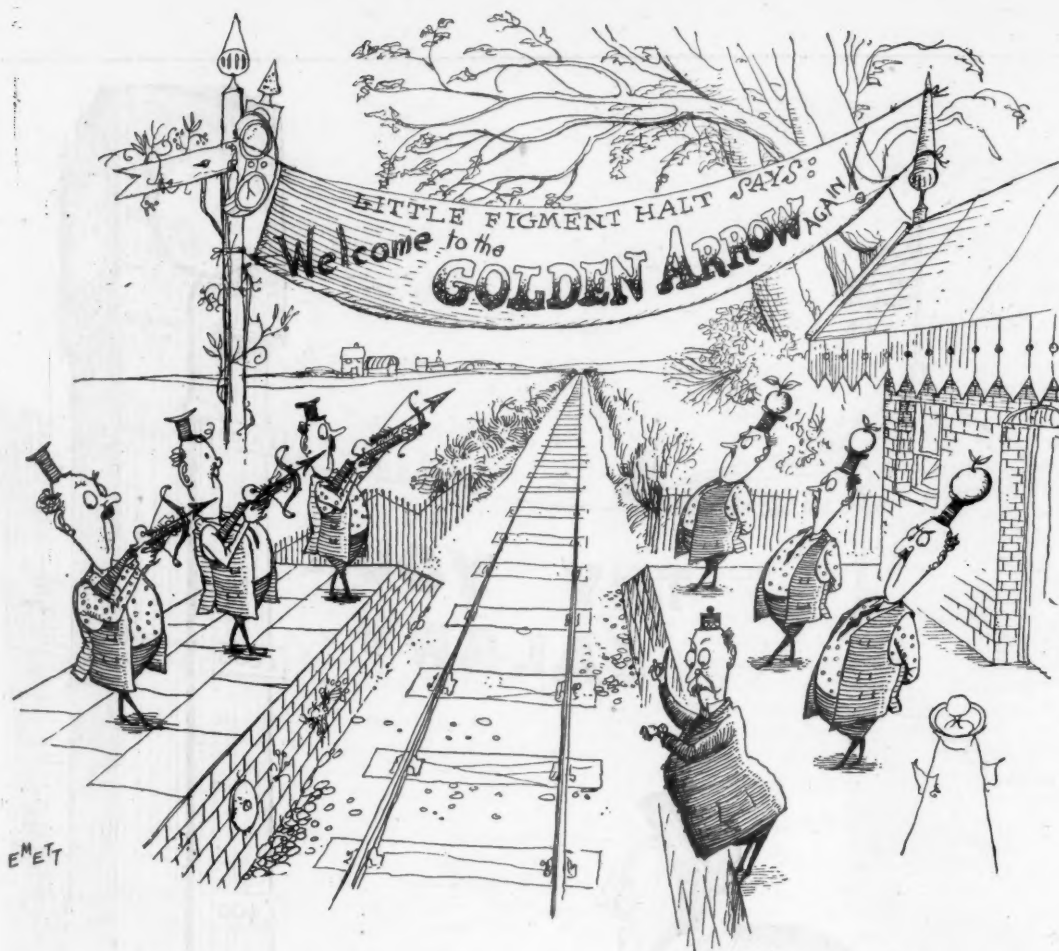
When the summertime comes I shall be waiting to see foreshadowed hours, when you kneel to plant salmon tins under the tree, and pick the flowers.

V. G.



TARGET FOR TO-DAY

"That's a bit more for the dear boys."



Lady Addle and the Arts

Bengers, Herts, 1946

MY DEAR, DEAR READERS, —I cannot let such an event as the opening of the Royal Academy go by without a few reflections on a subject so closely connected with my own family. For what, I ask, is an Academy exhibition without a Coot in the crowd and a Coot hung on the line!—as I believe it is called, though the expression always seems to me more suited to laundry. But of course the noble brotherhood of painters have often, I fear, sprung from lowly origins, which may account for the plebeian phrase. I recollect a young artist coming down to Coot's Balder once to carry out a commission for a charming group—designed by mama—of Sippy and me in a hammock, gently rocked by Crainy in a kilt, while

Humpo in a sailor suit sat on the ground, stringing a bead necklace round Mipsie's neck. (I remember how Mipsie, with her adorable imperiousness, flatly refused to sit for the picture unless the "bead necklace" was of real pearls!) When the time came for lunch papa naturally suggested that the young painter should repair to the servants' hall, like any other workman—greatly to Humpo's disappointment, as he had planned, dear little imp, to put some of the artist's own gamboge in his Barsac at lunch! To our surprise, however, the young man became very irate and even abusive, saying that art knew no class distinctions, or some such revolutionary rubbish, and went off there and then in high dudgeon, leaving the picture uncompleted—a mere sketch—in which state it has remained until, during the war, I had

a brain-wave. I cut out a square round each head and hemmed it. I was then able to send, as a donation to the Red Cross, five hard-wearing floor-cloths which sold—doubtless on account of the portraits therein—for an excellent price. I wonder what floor my visage is mopping now!

Of course we have all of us been painted many times since then, and Mipsie especially has posed to every artist known to fame in every position known to her. I am told that her portrait is even to be seen at Scotland Yard, which proves that the "men in blue" have human hearts beating beneath their rough tunics.

Besides this, my eldest sister Maud was herself an artist of rare merit. She is seldom mentioned in these pages owing to her untimely death in 1896, when she was killed out otter-hunting.

Her shooting-stick let her down and she fell heavily on to our old vicar, fracturing her skull against the sharp edge of his clerical collar. It was a great tragedy. Her water-colour studies have since been framed and hung in the Long Gallery in company with such famous painters as Gainsborough, Corot and Constable. Yet I have heard visitors unhesitatingly pick out Maudie's landscapes from among that noble throng, which proves that her style, even at an early age, was wholly distinctive. Another incident bears this out.

Maudie was very prolific in her output, and would paint on anything she could lay hands upon, even the backs of old canvases if she had not a new one handy. Well, one day she was commencing a charming still-life of forget-me-nots and fish on the back of some French painting—by Fragonard, I think—which had somehow or other found its way into the box-room. She was painting away gaily, unconscious of all save her art, when she was suddenly startled by the approach of Sir Benjamin Bootlegger, the well-known connoisseur and collector, who was staying at Coot's Balder.

"Lady Maud," said the great man, "I will give you anything you ask for that picture you are painting."

Maudie blushed with pleasure at his words.

"If you really want it, Sir Ben, I will give it to you," she answered, "but I must finish it first."

"No, no," was the quick reply. "You must not touch it. It is perfect as it is—a masterpiece." And taking off a silk scarf he was wearing he wrapped it carefully round Maudie's still-life and carried it away. Evidently he recognized genius when he saw it, even in a girl of sixteen.

Though I have never achieved my elder sister's prowess, I have, in my humble way, followed in the steps of the great masters. Of later years too I have always essayed to keep abreast of the trend of art, and have been particularly interested in the Surrealist movement, not because I really understand the finished pictures, but because anything in the nature of "make do" always goes straight to my heart, and I so admire their ingenuity in using shells and sandpaper and so forth in order, I presume, to save their paints. I determined once to experiment in the same direction and the result makes a charming story.

I first sketched out from a photograph a large picture of Bengers from the north terrace. Then I enlisted the aid of my little evacuees in finding the materials for the colour. Cayenne

pepper on a glue foundation for the mellowed brick of the house, an old green tie of Addle's (a favourite of his, but art must be served) for the trees, etc. The children were so delighted with this new ploy that they begged me to leave the picture for them to complete, as a surprise.

A week later I saw the finished product and the tears came to my eyes. My dear readers will remember, in an earlier series, how I told them of my culinary experiences. Well, my little evacuees—so keen had they been to please me—had actually been sacrificing their food throughout the week to make the picture a success. I found the stone terrace worked out in a porridge soufflé I had tried out one evening, the lawn executed in bracken soup (*Mock crème d'asperges*, I call it on the menu), and a few willows in the middle distance very effectively carried out in some fluffy mildew (or penicillin really) which they had found on the top of a jar of my chestnut marmalade. The whole finished work was so excellent that I hoped to keep it and submit it to this year's Academy, but unfortunately its scent became a trifle strong, so I have sent it instead as a golden-wedding present to one of our tenants.

M. D.

Letter from Prague

II

ACTUALLY I came across it by accident. All I saw first was a large wooden tower in a corner of some public gardens, a thing that stood about twenty feet high and seemed to have something going on inside it, for it was giving out a kind of drumming sound. It seemed somehow familiar and then suddenly I recognized it. Ilfracombe, 1937. The Wall of Death, with a Live Lion in the Sidecar. And when I got round to the front there were the same Red Indian motor-cycles, also as in Ilfracombe. Could this be Prague, 1946, I thought? Is this where the Ilfracombe Wall of Death spent the war? And if so, what has happened to the lion? That was really how I got drawn into the amusement park.

Not only was Ilfracombe represented. Take the Dodgems. I'm pretty sure they were Blackpool, but rather earlier than 1937. The cars were English—what Continental manufacturer would build even a Dodgem with a right-hand drive?—but it wasn't only their lack of paint that gave away their age. It was rather that they had lost a good deal of their former dash. I tried to overtake one on the floor—it was driven by a rather pretty girl—and mine simply couldn't make it. I failed even to head her off into a corner. But the evidence of Blackpool was very strong. The loud-speaker was playing an English record and who do you think the singer was? George Formby, no less.

The result was that I thought I really would track down the origins of this Amusement Park International.

The Dodgems were the clearest case. One that left a slight doubt still lingering at the back of my mind was that machine like an enormous roulette board. You know, something spins round and lights up a series of lamps on a big board at the back and if you hold a ticket with the same name as that on the lamp that finally stays alight when the thing has stopped spinning, the life-size doll or the hand-painted vase is yours. The difference was that the names on the lamps were all of Czechoslovak towns, not Derby winners, but I don't regard that as conclusive.

As for the swings and the roundabouts—the swings were almost Hampstead Heath, but not quite high enough. And the roundabouts—the one I liked most was the one for the smallest children, the primitive kind revolved



"... and I think you will all agree with me that the best suggestion submitted for our new slogan is 'Lend to defend the right to be free'."



at a very modest pace by a man turning a handle. It was modern enough, with twin-engined fighters, motor-cycles and racing cars, but there were signs of the cloven hoof. The light tank, from which two small boys were ecstasically training a machine-gun on the back of a small girl riding a motor-cycle immediately in front of them, might have been anyone's light tank. But the camouflage paint followed the *Wehrmacht* colours, not those of the B.L.A. Still, it was with *Wehrmacht* tanks that those children had grown up, and I suppose the management felt that it would be a bad thing to upset the little dears with the strange and startling.

The shooting galleries were international enough. There were no concessions to national foibles, such as giving prizes for dart-throwing. Deadly marksmanship (with an airgun) was needed to bring home the cut-glass jam-dish. You could say that the park as a whole was more internationally minded than a peace conference—in fact if Mr. Bevin and Mr. Molotov were to meet in, say, the Palace of Laughter at Blackpool they might get on better than they may do in the Luxemburg Palace in Paris. But there were two things I have never seen in an English amusement park. One, I think, is because we are too sophisticated. The other—well, I don't know about the other.

The first was just a ramp. Of course, all amusement parks have their ramps, and it is only a question of adjusting the ramp to the local taste to make it successful. This one didn't appeal to me, and few ramps fail in that. What you were asked to do was to buy a beautiful art photograph, all nicely wrapped up in red paper. And what do you think you found when you opened the beautiful red paper? Just a beautiful art "still" from some very out-of-date film. Even Prague was not

unsophisticated enough to take this kindly. The ground around the stall was littered with angrily shredded art photographs from all the best known films of the last twenty years, but no one had wrecked the stall. But the other . . . I could have watched it for a long time. It was nothing more than an elderly gentleman playing a tune, but playing it on an array of glasses all filled with water to differing levels. It was simple enough. He ran his wetted finger round the top of each glass in turn and slowly but unmistakably a tune emerged. He stood in a little booth, like a Punch-and-Judy stand, decorated with photographs of himself in his prime. It was faded and shabby, as though, too, he had gone through a war without recourse to anything else but utility furnishings, but there were remnants of former grandeur about it. I thought of the pleasure he must have brought to thousands of people between, say, Warsaw and Bucharest. He belonged to the real country fair, to the jugglers and the wrestlers and the countrywoman selling hot sausages and dark-skinned gentlemen standing behind stalls covered with cheap and glowing cottons and silks. He belonged to the days when there was an emperor and an empire and no one quite knew where Serajevo was.

I won a small monkey, suspended on a piece of elastic. Very international, that, I think.

"Mr. Vale has an uncanny flair for unusual bits of local lore. Even in so visited a spot as Stratford, he was able to unearth an example of the earliest railway wagon, an eighteenth century hot air machine in a mansion now used by the Oxford Group, and a perfect set of Queen Anne chairs in the Town Hall."—"Liverpool Daily Post."

This is enough to give Dr. Buchman one of his cold spells.



At the Pictures

THIEVES AND MURDERERS

THERE is hardly room this time for everything worth mentioning, but at least I must make sure to recommend the French comedy *Fric - Frac* (Director: MAURICE LEHMANN), a little masterpiece of fun and character which few people could help enjoying. It occurs to me, in fact, that this may be even more satisfactory for an English audience than for a French; for much of the dialogue plays with French thieves' slang and there are continual explanations of it to a "mug" (FERNANDEL) who tends to speak naturally in a more formal manner (e.g., "*J'eusse préféré que vous vinsiez seule*," if I've got it right), and my experience of similar effects in English is that they seem laboured and wearisome. In French, though, with what the programme justly calls "a trio of irresistible French comedians" (FERNANDEL, MICHEL SIMON and ARLETTY), this has no deadening effect whatever, and the story of the earnest and good-natured mug's awkward adventures with the community of petty thieves is continuously gay and delightful. See this and rejoice in it.

With it in the Academy programme is PAUL ROTH's documentary about housing, *Land of Promise*, an impressive "film argument" between many voices, which adds up to a powerful demand for planning. I sometimes find that rhetorical emphasis in the expression of views that I approve of tends to make me take an argumentative line against them; and JOHN MILLS's peremptory voice on the side of common sense here occasionally made me feel mutinous as it did MILES MALLESON, who appears as a hearty, woolly-minded member of the opposition. But reason has to admit that the case, hammered in with isotype statistics and skilfully edited shots of "homes as they were," "homes as they are," and "homes as they might be," is almost unanswerable.

Mildred Pierce (Director: MICHAEL CURTIZ), like *Double Indemnity* (also a James M. Cain story, by the way), is very much

helped by smart, slick, wisecracking dialogue put over with dazzling competence and perfect timing. But this

is helped proportionately more, I think, because although it has many of the attributes of a "whodunit" it is

basically the kind of tale that might be and usually is told in a very heavy and emotionally strained fashion. It is, of course, what is called a "woman's picture," a "vehicle" for JOAN CRAWFORD, and therefore it is emotionally strained as often as this can be managed; but the acid, astringent and sometimes funny line of dialogue that will cut through the hot-house atmosphere is never very far away, and (unless you prefer to steam without interruption) very welcome it is. This is a story of intense and passionate mother-love, of a woman willing to sacrifice everything for the happiness of her selfish, snobbish, egotistical daughter, and perhaps the public that likes this kind of theme "straight" would prefer to have rather more of Miss CRAWFORD's very well managed

emotional scenes and rather less of the entertaining conversation of JACK CARSON and EVE ARDEN. Possibly these (as I think, misguided) people would even prefer to have less time spent on those other small things, details and ingenuities of technique, that brighten a film for those who value them: such as for instance here, the echoes and the unidentified whistler of "Drink To Me Only" in the police-station, or the signing-off of a scene by the camera's turn aside to show on a wall the shadow of the players. But for me these make the best moments of the film.

The Blue Dahlia (Director: GEORGE MARSHALL) is another piece in which the scaffolding of a "whodunit" serves as the framework for a picture of considerably wider interest. Here again there is a constant delight to be got from watching the details, as well as the simpler and more straightforward pleasure of being carried along by the speed of a well-told murder story and of watching the casual skill with which the hero (ALAN LADD) fights his way out of tight corners. There is also quite a lot of bright dialogue—or perhaps it only sounds bright as it is delivered by WILLIAM BENDIX in the part of an unpredictable tough, the hero's friend. VERONICA LAKE is the girl, no less unpredictable. R. M.



J.H.Dowd

MEN IN HER LIFE

Jo	MICHEL SIMON
Loulou	ARLETTY
Marcel	FERNANDEL

[Fric-Frac]



J.H.D.

[Mildred Pierce]

RUINED BY MOTHER'S LOVE

Mrs. Pierce	JOAN CRAWFORD
Veda	ANN BLYTH



"Do you mean to tell me you fought for five years merely for the right to criticize the Rovers every week?"

Myself v. The Government

THE Government, through its agent the Collector of Taxes for West Eastcheap (D), has been dunning me for arrears of income tax amounting to £98 8s. 6d. They say that this sum is owing for the financial year 1944-45 on increments not subject to P.A.Y.E. accruing during the financial year 1943-44.

I don't deny this. It may well be true. When you are playing a game with a man who makes all the rules himself, altering them as he goes along, clothing them in a language unknown to you and in a script the key to which has been lost, and stating further that some of the rules take effect immediately while others remain in abeyance until a date to be announced later (at which time they may or may not be made retrospective), the only sane course is to accept your opponent's decision, at any particular point in the game, as to how the score stands.

So I do not contest the Government's statement that I owe them £98 8s. 6d. In fact I made a tacit admission of the debt to them, through their agent the Collector of Taxes, to whom I wrote—

SIR,—It appears from your letter that there is a sum of £98 8s. 6d. upon which you failed to lay your hands at the time when it came into my possession. This was during the biennial period 1943-45.

You will understand that what you do not take I spend, as this is the only way in which I can keep body and soul together. If I could make a practice of laying by what you do not demand, in case you should decide to demand it later on, I should certainly do so. You could then demand up to the limit of my income on any year without fear of a rebuff, increasing taxation retrospectively at will. But I cannot live on nothing

at all, at any rate until further substantial cuts are made in the size of the loaf and the cheese ration. The upshot of this is that the £98 8s. 6d. you ask for is no longer there.

There is, however, a way out of this difficulty. I hold I.O.U.s from the Government for post-war credits totalling £101 13s. 4d., and I am prepared to surrender these on hearing from you that your claim for £98 8s. 6d. will not be proceeded with.

We will not quarrel over the small balance of £3 4s. 10d. due to me. Please keep it.

The nature of the Government's reply is sufficiently indicated by my further letter to them (through their agent) in which I wrote—

I do not at all understand your continued and rather peremptory demand for payment.

I am aware that the Government have announced that they do not intend, except in certain special cases, to pay their debts to post-war creditors at present, and I understand and sympathize with their reasons, which are, in brief, that it would be inconvenient to do so at the present time. My position is exactly the same, and I should have thought, since the sums we mutually owe are so nearly equal, the natural thing to do would be to write them both off.

But if, as you say, you are unwilling to effect a cancellation, I am prepared to allow both debts to stand on the books until such time as the Government finds it convenient to pay me. I will then of course settle your claim forthwith.

Any suggestion that it will be convenient for me to pay the Government before it is convenient for the Government to pay me can be ruled out straight away.

To my astonishment the Collector continued to press for payment, not without menaces, and I therefore wrote a third time—

In view of your intransigent attitude, and because I have no time to spare for a long-drawn-out lawsuit, I decided to settle your account (without prejudice) and continue to await the Government's convenience for the settlement of mine.

In order to raise the necessary funds I claimed from the Government moneys amounting to £134 10s. 0d. which they agreed as long ago as January 1942 to pay me (under the War Damage Act, 1941 (Part II), in respect of certain chattels destroyed by enemy action. You will scarcely credit this, but it is a fact that the Government have refused (through their agents the Board of Trade, Insurance and Companies Department) to pay a penny of this sum unless I can prove hardship! Now this is utterly beyond my comprehension. The notion that a debtor is justified in declining to pay unless the creditor can prove he is in desperate need of the money is entirely new to me. There may be circumstances in which, if the debtor can prove hardship, the sum owing can fairly be reduced, or its restitution postponed. The bankruptcy laws were presumably framed to meet such cases. But that the creditor has to prove bankruptcy before he can collect his dues appears to me neither equitable nor, indeed, sane.

(If there is to be any question, by the way, of proving the greater hardship as between myself and the Government, I do not think I shall have much difficulty in making out my case—before a court of law if necessary. In their recent Budget statement, I notice, the Government found themselves able to set aside some fifty million pounds for the purpose of acquiring lands, properties, country houses, etc., should they feel so inclined. Examination of my own accounts will show no such provision.)

Now I am a plain man, believing in paying whenever possible what I owe and expecting others to pay sooner or later what they owe me. And when I come up against some man, or some body of men, who insist with threats that

I pay them immediately the uttermost farthing of what I owe, while at the very same time refusing to pay a penny of their much more considerable debts to me—and that on the grounds either that it is inconvenient for them or that I am not yet sufficiently ruined to qualify for payment—why, then, sir, I must decline absolutely to do business with them.

Should I be troubled with any further demands from you I shall feel obliged to send the whole of this correspondence to the United States Senate, who will, I think, be interested.

H. F. E.

Too Strong on Paper

ONE of our arm-chair cricketers rising briskly from hibernation at the pavilion end has just written: "If the Indian batting proves to be as strong as it looks on paper, and if England fails to discover match-winning bowlers, it seems unlikely that either side will dismiss the other twice in three days."

Not a bad comment that for April, not at all bad. In fact I am inclined to agree with it—especially the bit about the Indian batting looking strong on paper. Cast your eye over the names of our visitors and suppress a piercing scream of alarm if you can.

The Nawab of Pataudi	L. Amarnath
V. M. Merchant	Abdul Hafeez
Gul Mohamed	D. D. Hindlekar
S. N. Bannerjee	V. S. Hazare
V. Mankad	Mushtaq Ali
C. S. Nayudu	R. B. Nimbalkar
Rudi Modi	C. T. Sarwate
S. W. Sohni	S. G. Shinde

On paper, at least, they look like so many synonyms for Bradman. Now I don't want to appear flippant or anything (I dislike punning intensely), but I feel that I must give the M.C.C. some indication of the strategic plan rapidly taking root in my mind.

Look at those names again. There is a quiet yet ruthless efficiency about Merchant that bodes ill for our bowlers. I see him as an honest double-dealer in centuries delivering his goods with matchless enterprise; and the fact that he once scored 359 (not out) against Maharashtra at Bombay increases my respect for his trading methods. I feel much the same about Rudi Modi, who looks rather like an abbreviation for some strange calculus to do with perpetual motion. Shinde worries me not a little. Let us hope he settles down quite peaceably or that I am pronouncing his name all wrong.

Can you imagine anything more terrifying than having to bat in front of a wicket-keeper called Nimbalkar? Even from the pavilion I shall watch this gentleman's antics with trepidation. I have an uneasy feeling that he will sometimes take the ball before it reaches the bat or even before it has left the bowler's hand. Hazare bowls very nicely, I am told; on paper he looks as though he appeals quite nicely too. And as for Mushtaq Ali, Bannerjee, Mankad and Gul Mohamed . . . Well, the safest place for the fielder, on paper, would seem to be just behind the square-leg umpire.

The Nawab of Pataudi, captain of the side, looks a slightly easier proposition—as though he might be content with singles to short-leg. But his batting average in England (49.66) is as deceptive as the price of a woman's hat. One feels intuitively that he begins each innings with a handsome bonus bequeathed by his ancestors:

Nawab of Pataudi (received 40) in play . . . 49.66

With such thoughts in mind I am driven to the conclusion that the English team will suffer from a dreadful inferiority complex. It should not be forgotten that our men are now seven years older on paper than they were in 1939, and seven lean years make a lot of difference. No doubt the Indians too are seven years older than they were, but they don't look it. Besides one reads such remarkable things these days about yoga.

The only way, I think, of getting our fellows off on the right foot in these Test Matches is to do some plastic surgery on their names—now, while there is still time. My team for the first match would begin something like this:

Hammondjee (Glos.), Captain
Houttonkar (Yorks.)
Mushtaq Komton (Middlx.)
Swajzbruk (Lancs.)

—and would probably include Amosamosamos (Kent) as wicket-keeper. Does any reader feel he could improve on this?
Hod.

"Frank Sinatra, the crooner, had to receive police protection when he appeared among the crowd at the Hyde Park ceremony. Girl 'fans' were so overcome at the sight of their hero that they fell from the trees they had climbed to watch the ceremony.

Excited shrieks arose from the girls, and the police struggled to keep them from rushing at Sinatra. The police had to escort him to his car and fight back girls whose faces were smeared with lipstick from kissing each other in ecstasy.

All the members of the U.N.O. Security Council were present, except Mr. Edward Stettinius, U.S. representative, who has a cold."

"Bulletin and Scots Pictorial."

Coward!



"Yes, they come every spring."



"There's a man exactly like you in this book—I'm sure he's going to be murdered."

The G.I. Brides' Lament

Chorus. We'll willingly
Give up our tea
At morning, night and noon;
We don't think much of coffee
But we'll get to like it soon;
One thing above all others, though, that's
frightfully hard to bear
Is the very strange assortment of clothes our
husbands wear.

1st Bride. He courted me in Putney,
His uniform looked sweet. . . .

2nd Bride. The natty way mine wore his cap
Quite swept me off my feet. . . .

3rd Bride. His jacket fitted snugly,
His pants were neatly pressed.

4th Bride. You should see the oak-leaf clusters
Mine wore upon his chest. . . .

Chorus. We crossed the stormy ocean
And we hurried off the deck

To be met by G.I. Josephs
In coats of varied check.
They carried no umbrella,
They wore no bowler hat,
The letters
On their sweaters—
Well, we forgave them that;
But what disturbs us greatly,
What most offends our eyes
Is our husbands' quite appalling, yes, appalling
taste in ties.

Let freedom ring;
Of thee I sing,
Sweet land of liberty,
We can stand the heated houses
And we LOVE the A. and P.;
One thing above all others, though, that's
frightfully hard to bear
Is the very strange arrangement of ties our
husbands wear.



A FRIEND INDEED

"Good-bye, sir. You've helped us in bad times, and we shan't forget you."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, April 30th.—House of Lords: Peers Dispute on Trade Disputes.

House of Commons: Doctors Differ.

Wednesday, May 1st.—House of Commons: More Differing.

Thursday, May 2nd.—House of Commons: Still More.

Tuesday, April 30th.—It may of course have been the fact that, upstairs in the roof, a gymnasium for M.P.s was opened to-day that accounted for the extremely bronzed-and-fit appearance of the House. Or it may have been the fact that Members had just returned from a particularly sunny Easter holiday. Whatever the reason, the House certainly presented what might have been taken as a striking testimonial to the efficiency of the medical profession.

But as the first business of the House was to begin the Second Reading of a Bill to "nationalize" the medical profession, it may have been that the bronze was (like the pictures of the pavement artist) all their own work.

Mr. HUGH DALTON, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, added pleased smiles to the sunburn when he announced that M.P.s' salaries were to be raised from £600 to £1,000 a year. The Chancellor had the smile all to himself, however, when he added that there would be no special income-tax relief on this sum in the way of "expenses." Members of all Parties put on that resigned air which clearly said "I knew there was a catch in it!" Still, even with taxes as they are, there will be a little over, and hasty arithmetical tricks on the edge of Question-papers restored some of the smiles.

Then Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, the Minister of Health, whose (slightly unconventional) Parliamentary dress was of the same shade of tan as the majority of the faces, moved the Second Reading of the Bill to give effect to the Government's National Health Service plan. His bedside manner was perfect—well, perfect-ish—and it was rarely that Minister ANEURIN BEVAN allowed a certain Back-bencher of the same name to butt in. There seemed to be a little of the Back-bencher in the comment that the sale of medical practices was "tantamount to selling patients," and this was greeted with a murmur of dissent from the Opposition benches. The Minister looked hopefully across the Table, like a pathologist conducting some intricate experiment—but the reaction was a passing one,

and the House resumed its somewhat sleepy attitude once more.

Mr. BEVAN mentioned that "there must be some reward for zeal and some punishment for the lack of it." He was referring to doctors under the State medical service, but some of the Opposition leaders seemed to take this as a promise that alterations to the scheme would be accepted from them in the committee stage. Those who know the combative nature of the Minister rather doubted this diagnosis.

No doubt believing that his similes should be made to fit the occasion, the Minister spoke of a "rash of private nursing-homes" which he feared might



DOUBTS ABOUT THE PRESCRIPTION

"The bad effects of this Bill . . . will make themselves evident in ten, fifteen or twenty years' time."—Mr. Richard Law on the National Health Service Bill.

be found (presumably on the body politic?) if doctors were forbidden all private fees, even under the State scheme.

It was, on the whole, a persuasive, and certainly an admirably clear, presentation of the case. Mr. RICHARD LAW, who presented the case for the Opposition, was less successful. He seemed to confuse the medical profession with that of the plumber's mate, for half-way through, having made a telling quotation against the Government's plans, he found that he had forgotten his tools, in the shape of the document from which he quoted from memory.

This being a cardinal Parliamentary

offence, the speech never really recovered, and when a Labour Member produced the document and the quotation was shown to be somewhat garbled, the Opposition patient was in pretty poor shape. However, with a little artificial respiration it went on talking until the prescribed hour, albeit at times a trifle disjointedly. And the patient will come round again to-morrow.

While all this was going on in the Commons, their Lordships were having a little jamboree on their own. Lord JOWITT, the Lord Chancellor, who enjoys the Irishman's privilege of joining in any private fight there may be in the House, was very tough in insisting that the Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Bill must go through.

Righto! replied Lord SIMON, for the National Liberals (or that was the effect of his remarks), righto! the Government has a mandate from the electors to pass this measure, repealing the Conservative Act of 1927, and therefore we, The Great Unelected, as good democrats, must accept the verdict and let the Bill pass.

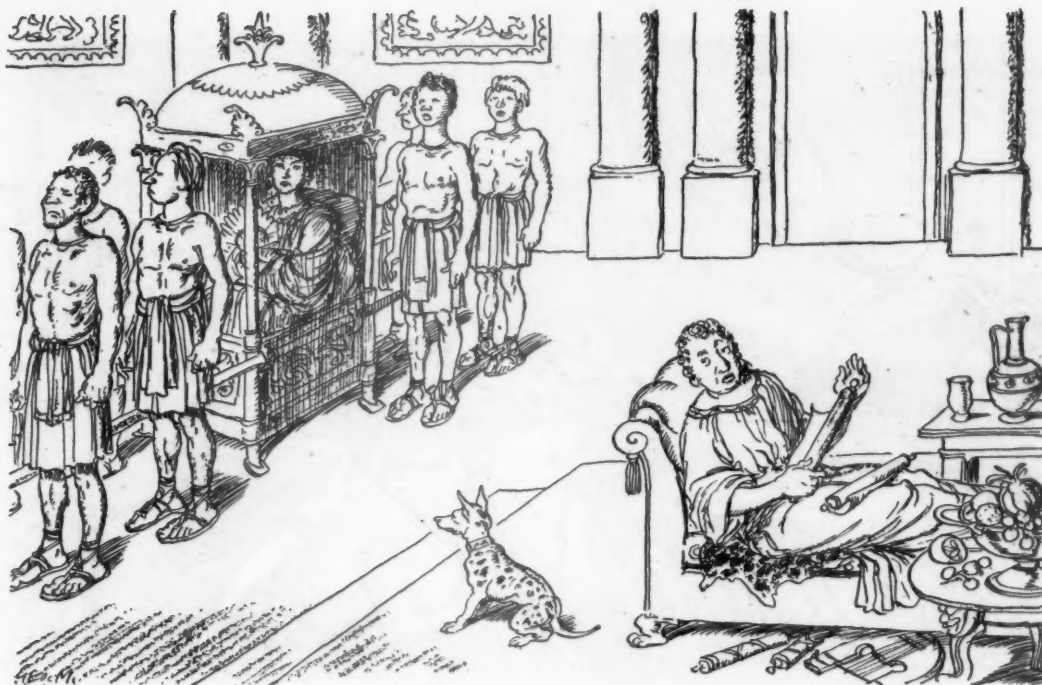
Lord SAMUEL went all paradoxical and spoke of their Lordships' House being "powerless because it had too much power." Other noble Lords nodded sagely, so it must have meant something.

Wednesday, May 1st.—The House was crowded to hear a statement from the Prime Minister on the report of a joint British-American commission on the future of Palestine. Mr. ATTLEE went straight to the point and announced that there could be no question of putting the report into effect until armed bands—both Arab and Jew—gave up their arms and disbanded. And we should act with the United States Government in everything we did.

Mr. CHURCHILL replied that in the circumstances he and his colleagues would not pursue the matter then. But the hushed silence in the House showed how deep was the concern that this thorny problem should be solved—and quickly.

Mr. IVOR THOMAS, of the Ministry of Civil Aviation, was asked so many questions about Transatlantic air services that radio-minded Members commented that it seemed like a "Transatlantic Quiz."

And then the debate on the Health Service was resumed. It was soon clear that the old question: "Is there a doctor in the House?" would have produced a crowd. All the doctor-M.P.s were there, armed with notes for speeches. Sir HENRY MORRIS-JONES, one of the most distinguished of them,



"Hullo, dear—going out shopping again?"

delivered his later, with the mixture of bedside-manner and shrewd political common-sense that always pleases the House.

Mr. WILSON HARRIS commented that as he looked on the doctor-M.P.s he wondered which of them—if any—he would choose as his medical adviser, and finally decided that it would be Dr. EDITH SUMMERSKILL, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food—already in State employment. That lady, recalled abruptly from a close study of State papers on the Treasury Bench, seemed both surprised and gratified at this tribute and the cheers it drew.

Mr. HENRY WILLINK, who was Minister of Health in the last Government, led the attacking forces of the Conservatives against his successor's plans. Mr. WILLINK showed that he had a wide knowledge of medical matters, as well as of the law and Governmental administration, and voiced a fiery criticism of many of the proposals in the health scheme.

He moved the official demand for the rejection of the scheme, and complained that many of its faults were due to the "baleful influence" of Mr.

BEVAN, who had not the slightest idea how the plans were to be made to work. It was a forthright, blunt, yet good-tempered and searching attack.

Mr. KEY, Mr. BEVAN's under-secretary, had already delivered what Mr. WILSON HARRIS called an "admirably-read essay" in defence of the Bill. Mr. KEY complained bitterly about the lack of ammunition provided by the Opposition the previous day. But what he did find to say was admirably audible.

So was Mr. RUPERT (Stentor) DE LA BÈRE, who, assured by a Minister that something or other had been said already, demanded (in a roar that startled the slightly somnolent public gallery): "Then why not say it in a LOUD VOICE?"

The debate lasted out its time and was again adjourned.

In the Lords, the Trade Disputes Bill got its Second Reading—without a division.

Thursday, May 2nd.—The debate on the Health Service had gone on so long that few Members could recall with certainty when it began. But they knew it was due to end in the early evening, and they trooped in to hear

Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, Lord Privy Seal (and a former Minister of Health) wind up the discussion before the division.

And they had their money's worth, for Mr. GREENWOOD was at his best and trounced the opponents of the scheme—mostly by quoting their own propaganda. There was a lot of shouting and counter-shouting, and charges and counter-charges flashed across the Table. In fact it was quite like old times, and Mr. CHURCHILL, who was on the Opposition Front Bench, seemed to enjoy the smell of powder.

Division result: For the Second Reading, 359; Against, 172.

Mr. CHURCHILL at once moved that the Bill be kept in committee of the whole House, and not sent upstairs to a standing committee, but this idea was rejected—in another division—and the Bill passed on its way.

With a Yo, Heave Ho

"A ferry was waiting, its crew turning over rhythmically, slapping little waves against the wharf."—*Australian magazine.*



"Coo, Bert—fancy you knowing the organist!"

On Being Human

ANGELIC minds, they say, by simple intelligence
Perceive the forms of nature. They discern
Unerringly the archtypes, all the verities
Which mortals lack or indirectly learn.
Transparent with primordial truth, unvarying,
Mere Earthness and right Stonehood from that clear
High eminence are seen. Unveiled the seminal
Huge principles appear.

The Treeness of a tree they know; the meaning of
Arboreal life, how from earth's salty lap
The solar beam uplifts it; all the holiness
Enacted by leaves' fall and rising sap.
But never an angel knows the knife-edged severance
Of sun from shadow where the trees begin,
The blessed cool at every pore caressing us—
For angels have no skin.

They see the Form of air. But mortals breathing it
Drink the whole summer down into the breast—
The lavish pinks, the new-mown field, the ravishing
Sea-smell, the wood-fire smoke that whispers *Rest*;

The tremor on the rippled pool of memory
Which from each scent in widening circle goes,
The pleasure and the pang—can angels measure it?
An angel has no nose.

The nourishing of life and how it flourishes
On death—and why—they utterly know; but not
The hill-born earthy spring, the dark, cold bilberries,
The ripe peach from the southern wall still hot,
Full-bellied tankards foamy-topped, or delicate
Half lyric lamb, a new loaf's billowy curves,
Nor porridge, nor the piercing taste of oranges,
For angels have no nerves.

Far richer they. I know the senses' witchery
Shields us, like air, from heavens too bright to see;
Imminent death to Man the barb'd sublimities
And dazzling edge of beauty unsheathed would be.
Yet here, and in this tiny charm'd interior,
This parlour of the brain, their Maker shares
With living men some secrets in a privacy
Forever ours, not theirs. N. W.

"Disgusted"

"IN 1809," said my poor friend Poker, M.P., "there was a rather charming episode in the House of Commons. The story is told in Michael Macdonagh's book, *Parliament*.* It's about Sheridan. Listen.

"Such was the regard in which this brilliant and versatile man—wit, dramatist and orator—was held that he was the object of the most unique (*sic*) compliment that was ever proposed to any person in the House of Commons. On the evening of February 24th, 1809, the House was engaged in a most important debate on the campaign against Napoleon in Spain. George Canning, the Foreign Secretary, was speaking on behalf of the Government. Suddenly the windows of the Chamber were lit up by a ruddy illumination. 'Fire, fire!' cried some of the Members in alarm, interrupting Canning. Sheridan, who sat on the Front Opposition Bench, leant across the Table and whispered to the Ministers that Drury Lane Theatre—which he had only just built and opened—was ablaze. Lord Temple at once moved the adjournment of the House as a mark of sympathy with one of its most distinguished Members in the calamity that had befallen him. The first to oppose the motion was Sheridan himself. He was grateful for the kind impulse which prompted the suggestion, but the calamity was not of a nature that ought to interrupt the business of the country. Still the motion was persisted in, and was supported by several Members, till a few sentences of good sense from William Wilberforce decided the House to drop it and go on with the debate."

"Charming," I said.

"But in those days, of course," said Poker, "there was no payment of Members."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Well," said Poker, "if I may descend from the sublime to the ridiculous, I've just had a lovely anonymous letter, which will always have a high place in my collection. Listen again:

'Leeds.

Mr. Arthur Poker,

You are paid £1,000 a year to attend to your Parliamentary duties—not to run musical comedies.

DISGUSTED.'

"The words, 'to attend to your Parliamentary duties,' are typed in red. Don't you love it? Can't you see

the little fellow—all alone with his machine—glancing over his shoulder guiltily—carefully shifting to the red band for the important words—then back to black—and thumping out 'DISGUSTED' in good brave capitals? Curious, though, that a man—or do you think it's a she?—so precise should be so inaccurate. Somewhere he'd seen that a Committee had recommended that Parliamentary salaries should be raised to £1,000. Nothing, of course, had happened. But for dear old 'DISGUSTED' the rise was an accepted fact. Now, it seems, it nearly is."

"I've always wanted to meet an anonymous letter-writer."

"Perhaps you have."

"Oh, no, surely they must look different from the human race. They must, I think, have fangs, or claws, or something special?"

"They must have very queer minds. Why, for example, the frank, free 'Leeds'?"

"I suppose he wanted his hometown to get the credit."

"More likely a 'blind.' He isn't Leeds at all."

"Better and better. By the way," I said, "what's it all about?"

"Well," said Poker, "the war being over, I ventured to write the words of a musical piece, a practice which I began more than twenty years ago, and more than ten years before I entered Parliament. Now, I suppose, I shall have to abandon it—or Parliament."

"Why?"

"Because people like 'Disgusted' think we are getting £1,000 a year, and therefore we ought to do nothing but sit in Parliament and listen to all the speeches. And the more we do get the more 'Disgusteds' there'll be. It's nonsense, of course, and dangerous nonsense; but you can understand the line of thought. If we're paid like Civil Servants we must act like Civil Servants—and have no existence outside the office. 'Disgusted,' evidently, is not a keen lover of the arts; and has a particular contempt for the theatre—and me. But he is, I am sure, a logical little chap; and his next anonymous (if he gets his facts right) will probably run:

"You are paid £1,000 a year (less tax) to attend to your Parliamentary duties, not to attend the T.U.C. Conference' (or 'not to write the Life of Marlborough', or 'not to be the director of a Railway', or 'not to serve on the Port of London Authority', or 'not to write for the newspapers', or 'not

to be on the Metropolitan Water Board', or 'not to practise as a doctor', or 'not to be a successful K.C.', or 'not to run an engineering business', or 'not to teach history', or 'not to be an architect').

"I think it will be a pity if people like 'Disgusted' win. At present, the saying goes, there is hardly a subject you can mention in that place without some Member speaking up and revealing himself as an authority or expert, from potato-disease to the building of dams. Every Member brings into the Chamber his own corner of the active world, and that is why the place is alive. Make it an assembly of professional speech-makers, listeners, and question-putters, having no direct touch with the struggle of life, and you will have a dead place instead. We have no Sheridan on the Front Bench now; but, if we had, I suppose 'Disgusted' would write rude letters to him. However, I'm extremely grateful to him. His letter came just in time."

"What for?" I said.

"For an article about him."

A. P. H.

Things Alone

XXVII

A WAVE approached another wave and said "It's wrong how you behave. When we meet we shall be one, and that means both of us are gone."

XXVIII

A point once told the line "It's a belief of mine that it is merely a pretension to have such thing as a dimension."

A line said to the plane "I am in doubt if you are sane. It goes beyond my comprehension how you dare claim a second dimension."

A plane said to the cube "It's a disgrace that you pretend to live in space. Your famous third dimension is simply an invention."

A cube said to the fourth dimension "I fail to see how more expansion than I, for instance, call my own can ever really be known."

At the Play

"THE TEMPEST"
(STRATFORD-ON-AVON)

STRATFORD celebrates peace with a brand-new company and a separate producer for each of the eight plays in its five-months' season. It remains to be seen how this policy will work out, but at least it gives a chance to some of our younger talent, and the fact that Sir BARRY JACKSON is in supreme control is an excellent augury.

This first production, by Mr. ERIC CROZIER, is disappointing, though it will doubtless be improved. *The Tempest* is a ticklish play in the theatre, because *Prospero*, on whom so much depends, can easily become a sort of voodoo compère, which is rather what happened to that admirable actor Mr. ROBERT HARRIS. He spoke well and had a dignity which royally overshadowed his visitors from the mainland, but it was a slow-motion kingdom. Another difficulty is the number of courtiers strewn about who are not much more than ballast and who quickly bore unless their characterization is much sharper than it was here. On the other hand, *Miranda's* romance was played with commendable freshness by Miss JOY PARKER and Mr. JOHN HARRISON, the *Ariel* of Mr. DAVID O'BRIEN was a most gallant sprite, and Mr. JULIAN SOMERS' *Caliban* drew out the pathos lying just below the monster's surface humours; a point I noted gratefully, for I never see *The Tempest* without feeling that *Caliban* had a raw deal. Whatever may be said about his habits he was the old squire of the island, grossly exploited by a Neapolitan refugee, and it seems to me that any fair-minded man must be on his side. His introduction to the Falernian System is carried out with good effect by the clowns, Mr. HUGH GRIFFITH'S *Trinculo* being a splendidly comic character. The play is enriched by Mr. LENNOX BERKELEY'S music and mounted attractively by Mr. PAUL SHELVEING, who has made a lovely scene of the masque but for a rainbow reminiscent of a golf-umbrella.

"CYMBELINE" (STRATFORD-ON-AVON)

Shakespeare's birthday, on which the Baconians within the camp take long walks into the country, was celebrated with a much better production of a poorer play. (For shamelessly arbitrary artifice it must be hard to beat! Even if it is granted that the bedroom of a king's daughter can reasonably be turned into a left-luggage office for itinerant foreigners, what girl so normal as *Imogen* would not demand in return a peep at the contents of luggage alleged to be

had a good persuasive manner. Mr. MYLES EASON played *Posthumus* gracefully, the throne was impressively occupied by Miss NANCY NEVINSON and Mr. JAMES RAGLAN, and Mr. PAUL SCOFIELD gave an excellent little study of congenital awkwardness as *Cloten*, the youth who asked for decapitation and got it. Mr. GOWER PARKS' dresses were good and collectively charming, and Mr. R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS' music fitted the piece well.

If there is one general criticism I should like to make it is to beg the Governors to engage an orchestra as soon as possible. Loud-spoken accompaniments are pity enough in London, but canned music in the shrine of Shakespeare is as great an aesthetic outrage as canned peas in the halls of Lucullus.

"NATIONAL VELVET"
(EMBASSY)

That this should make a gripping and even moving play seems to me something of a triumph, for a less manageable theme for the stage than a horse-worshipping child winning the National on a raffle-won nag it would be difficult to imagine. Yet Miss BAGNOLD, who has dramatized her novel herself, succeeds in conjuring up genuine excitement in an atmosphere of curiously artless innocence. She and her producer, Mr. ANTHONY HAWTREY, have wisely gone out for simplicity, their only concession to modern aids being the effective use of a rickety wireless set through which, in the changing-room at Aintree, we hear the race. But apart from its thrills the play is distinguished by subtlety in the relationship of *Velvet* with *Mi*, the odd-job man who trains her, and with her stern but melting mother, who has swum the Channel and knows what it is to be obsessed by a strange god. Miss TILSA PAGE, a little limited emotionally but splendidly natural, does very well as *Velvet*. As her mother, who somehow emerges whole from the Old Testament, Miss MARIE LOHR gives a lovely performance, and as *Mi* Mr. EDWARD CHAPMAN once again gets brilliantly inside the skin of an ordinary man. Both his sympathy and his comedy are first-class. ERIC.



MAN-HUNTING IN WALES

Cloten Mr. PAUL SCOFIELD
Guilderius Mr. JOHN HARRISON

jewels on their way to an emperor? And surely of all the drugs in murder-fiction the *Queen's* box of pills must be the most obliquely administered?) Mr. NUGENT MONCK learned many lessons in his Maddermarket Theatre at Norwich, but none more valuable than the art of putting a large and fluid cast on intimate terms with an audience, partly by keeping his focus well downstage and partly by paying special attention to the secondary conversations which knit the play. And he drives it along at a round pace. Miss VALERIE TAYLOR'S *Imogen* I liked; tender but alive with spirit. *Iachimo* in the hands of Mr. DAVID KING-WOOD was a very Pall Mall villain, but he

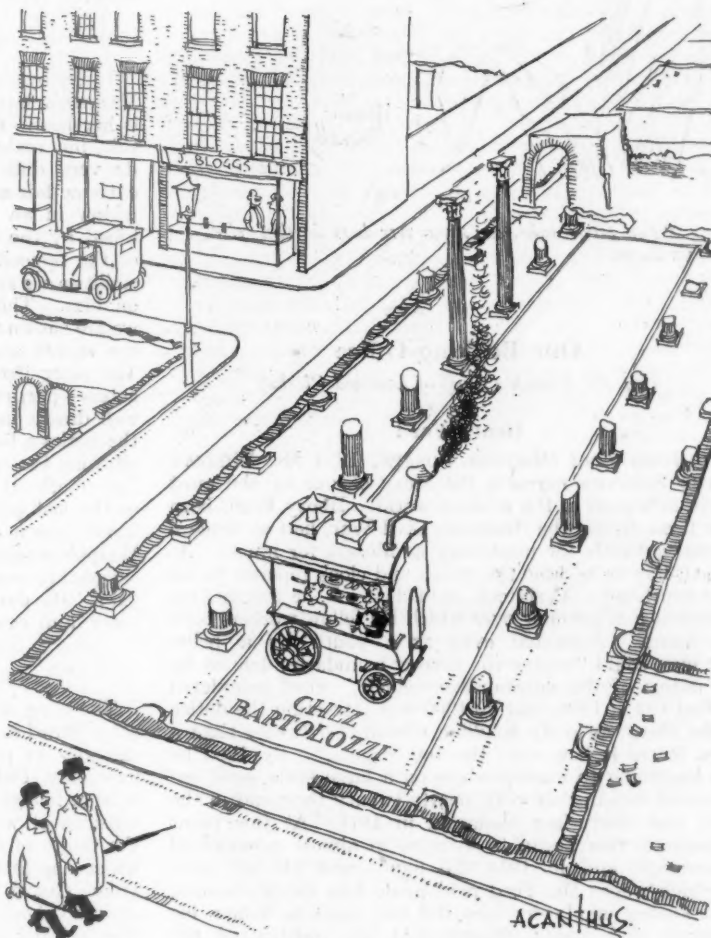
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AS soon as the Tube Extension to New Zealand is in operation the following arrangements will come into force, and are printed now so that intending travellers may become familiar with them. The coaches will be air-conditioned and well-lit with daylight bulbs. As the motive power employed is solely the force of gravity, except for a fraction of the journey, and as the engines will not run till the last half-hour, the journey will be found to be smoother and quieter than any other upon the company's system, and will indeed compare more than favourably in those respects with any railway company in the world. Four meals will be served during the run: breakfast, luncheon, afternoon tea and dinner. It is most important that intending travellers should make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the following regulations. All loose articles, including magazines and even newspapers, should be stored in the lockers provided for that purpose. Any that are not so stored will be collected by an attendant shortly before reaching the centre of the earth, and handed back to their owners on arriving at the other side, but a fee of sixpence will be charged for each article so collected. No drinks will be served within half an hour of reaching the centre of the earth. Two minutes before reaching the centre all lights will turn green. On seeing the green light, passengers should at once get on to the floor beneath their benches and lie face downwards, pressing their backs as much as possible against the underside of the seats, which they will find to be comfortably upholstered. On the floor at either end of each bench they will find two leather straps, and, as soon as they see the red light, if not before, they should grip one of these firmly in each hand. The red lights will be turned on, in place of green, five seconds before reaching the centre of the earth. The more firmly passengers press themselves against the underside of the benches, the more comfortably they will find themselves lying on them as soon as the centre of the earth has been passed. The benches will then immediately be lowered until they are one and a half feet from what will then be the floor, and passengers are requested to remain still until this has been done. Drinks will again be served whenever required, and any loose articles needed may be taken from the lockers. We hope eventually to install an automatic system whereby the

benches will be rotated without inconvenience to passengers and without our having to request them to leave the side on which they are sitting, but owing to our inventor being now on his holiday we are unable to give the details of this at present. For the further convenience of passengers there will be a revolving cocktail bar, which, occupying a position exactly half-way between the floor and the roof, will be rotated on reaching the centre of the earth, and will then be found to provide precisely the same amenities as were enjoyed on the hither side. When the coaches are connected with the rails in the tunnel towards the end of the journey and the engines are turned on there will necessarily be

some noise, but we have done all we can to reduce it and believe that it will compare very favourably with the noise in any of the tunnels through which the company's coaches travel at present. It will, however, be advisable for passengers who may be having dinner to give any orders for anything they may require to the company's waiters during the perfect quiet of the rest of the journey, before the rails are connected.

On emerging from the tunnel passengers will be met by one of the company's reception commissionaires, who will help them in every way, and who may be recognized by the company's badge, worn on the front of his cap—a rabbit in gold lace. ANON.



"I see Bartolozzi's are back again."



"For pity's sake, can't you ever bum anythin' else but Bach?"

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Henry Ford

IN *Henry Ford* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 18/-) Mr. WILLIAM ADAMS SIMONDS narrates the story of one of the most remarkable men in the modern world. Henry Ford, born on a farm during the American Civil War, had as much a natural aptitude for machinery as Mozart for music. As a small boy he became the watch and clock repairer to his neighbourhood. At sixteen, in his first job, he was making repairs in half an hour over which his fellow-workers took five hours. Animated even as a youth by a belief that man could "escape the narrow boundaries defined by the radius of the horse-drawn vehicle," Ford completed his first car in 1896, and by 1900 was attracting the notice of the Press, an early headline running—"Swifter than a Race Horse it flew over the Icy Streets." By 1909 he was beginning to mass-produce on a large scale, over ten thousand cars in that year, nearly twenty thousand in the next, and thirty-four thousand in 1911. At this point mass-production began to increase in almost geometrical progression, and in 1914 the figure was 248,307 cars. The high wages Mr. Ford paid made him many enemies, both among employers who did not want to follow his example, and among Communists who mistrusted the effect on the workers of a humane capitalist. At eighty-three Mr. Ford is still active—"I expect to go on working," he says, "because it is the thing I do best." H. K.

Fairy Ground

You need not be a folk-lore addict to welcome *British Fairy Origins* (WATTS, 10/6). There are still grown-up people, Mr. LEWIS SPENCE is one of them, who have not left their share of Gramarye—whether True Thomas's or Madame d'Aulnoy's—behind them in the nursery. To both publics—expert and inexpert—his account of British fairies and of the original sources of fairy-lore should prove as happy as it is convincing. There are three main notions about origins, and inevitably they overlap. Fairies may be nature-spirits—souls of trees, stones and so forth, or primitive peoples thrust underground by conquerors, or the ghosts or gods of the primitive peoples similarly relegated by tradition; and this last, in Mr. SPENCE's view, is the chief source of fairyland. As he discusses, with notable fairness and erudition, differing and contributory theories, you meet a host of old friends as pleasant as Puss-in-Boots, a late Italian version of the totem or tutelary animal, and as unpleasant as the Scots fetch who "walked" because he was "slain at the down-going of the sun." A second edition might possibly find room among the brownies for the Lancashire "boggart" and for the "black-stockinged bogles" who had a (quite recent) name for stopping traffic between Witney and Burford. H. P. E.

"The Wood for the Trees"

In her own opinion, so her publishers tell us, Miss ETHEL MANNIN's latest novel, *The Dark Forest* (JARROLD, 9/6), is her best. Only those who have read all could endorse this, but undoubtedly it is the best of a good many, and its very difficult problem is set out with restraint and extreme fair-mindedness. The problem is that of a young widow in an occupied country. Her husband has been killed by the invaders and she becomes attracted by one of the opposite side, a young officer whose private sensibilities are at war with the regimentation of ideas imposed on him. The book begins with the occupation. Later we are shown the childhood of the principal characters and the events and feelings that made them what they are. The story itself is exciting and many of the minor characters—particularly the doctor of the town—are very well drawn indeed. Possibly Miss MANNIN has weighted the scales a little too heavily on the side of her heroine by allowing the colonel as well as the young captain to show "an unethical sense of chivalry," but she makes up for this in the last page of the book. It is odd that she should have chosen a title already used by the late Mr. Hugh Walpole when another would have done as well and without suggesting comparison. The forest, so the publishers tell us, is "the dark forest of world war in which human beings grope and cannot see ahead." B. E. B.

Shadows of a Lot of Gunmen

The song of the Irish poet in praise of England is not often heard in the land, but Mr. SEAN O'CASEY, moved by the way we pulled ourselves together in 1940, has set his new play, *Oak Leaves and Lavender* (MACMILLAN, 6/-), in a large feudal house in a southern county where the convulsions of war are doing strange and terrible things to the fabric of society. Historically it is a queer tangle in which the first installation of black-out curtains finds the Home Guard in full swing and the summer pulling-down of road-signs coincides with the Coventry blitz; and linguistically an even queerer one, the housekeeper of the mansion saying "Us has great pleasure" and the pageant of war-workers who troop through it falling back on palpably handwoven dialects. But though as types they

have sprung more from their author's imagination than from the English countryside, they serve as a means through which he can argue the bitter truths of war and lash with his satire at futility following in its train. Kingpin to all this is an Irish butler who is a notable addition to Mr. O'CASEY's gallery of inspired *bavards*. As a bomb rocks the house he says, leaning his head in his hands: "Whoever thought God would ever bother his head about th' English!" In spite of a habit the glass panel of the radio has of lighting up with swastikas, there is less symbolism here than in *Red Roses for Me*. Songs nostalgic, amorous, earthy, martial and elegiac, with music thrown in, enliven the play. It has some magnificent stuff in it, but it takes Mr. O'CASEY uncomfortably far from his best beats.

E. O. D. K.

Louis Marlow

Mr. LOUIS MARLOW has invented an ingenious form of autobiography, the first example of which came out twelve years ago under the title of *Swan's Milk*, and a second instalment of which now appears in *Forth, Beast!* (FABER, 8/6). Mr. MARLOW calls himself Dexter Foothood, and, writing as Louis Marlow, portrays Dexter from the outside with a warmth of enthusiasm which, were he writing about himself in the first person, might seem excessive. The impression one gets from this book is that Louis Marlow cannot keep away from Dexter. He must, one supposes, have a life of his own, but even when he is not with Dexter he is brooding on him, and when they are together the sole theme is Dexter in one or other of his multifarious aspects—Dexter and his three wives, plus Joanna who "was, none the less, in as real a sense as may be, 'the fourth Mrs. Foothood'"; Dexter showing surprising shrewdness in his buyings and sellings of American securities; Dexter's admiration of Soviet Russia, derived largely from his antipathy to big Western business; Dexter's slowly matured hatred of Germany, inoperative in the war of 1914 but flaming into Vansittartism in the recent one; Dexter's disagreement with most connoisseurs over champagne which he thought could have high distinction; Dexter's desire to believe in another life because things have gone well for him here and he would like them to go on well for him elsewhere. An entertaining book, but incomplete. Perhaps Dexter will now write about Louis Marlow.

H. K.

The Quest for the Happy Halfway

The age-old search for a balance between freedom to indulge one's own personal fancies and external control in the supposed general interest has produced, as everyone knows, not only a vast number of heroes, day-dreamers and cranks but an even more amazing spate of words. Mr. ALEXANDER GRAY, in *The Socialist Tradition—Moses to Lenin* (LONGMANS, 21/-), enumerates and classifies the devotees of all the "isms," presents a fair appearance of having studied every scrap of the literature and boils down the whole potter into a work of some five hundred pages—thumb-nail biographies and nearly unbiased summaries. After indicating in the most sporting manner which of his chapters may be skipped, he compels one to look at every page if only to spot his quiet leg-pulls and chuckling ironies. He is not quite justified perhaps in including such rampant individualists as Bakunin, Proudhon or any other of the State-hating anarchists in the stream of thought that has developed into present-day socialism—it can easily be shown that they are nearer to Mr. Eden, say, than to Mr. Attlee, and of course *vice versa*—but that complaint goes hardly deeper than the title. It is more serious that the weight of the bondage of poverty in restricting the liberty

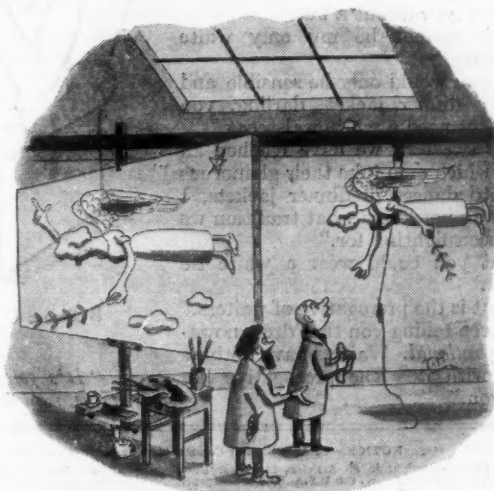
of the subject never seems quite to come home to him, yet he does realize that not a few of the verbose, inarticulate, bewildered eccentrics who toiled through wildernesses of national polity in the hope of finding that perfect solution that Mr. GRAY never himself attempts to produce, are prophets crying aloud for the determining of real tyrannies rather than college-bred logicians following immaculate argument. Many of them of course are obvious targets for destructive criticism, not least bourgeois Marx himself, periodically explained, refuted and revised out of his own immense bulk of exposition.

C. C. P.

A Christian Sheriff

For nearly a quarter of a century JOHN GORDON JAMESON, the author of *The Way of Happiness* or *The Prelude to the Good News* (HODGE, 3/6), has been preaching "the Good News" in the streets of Edinburgh. He was in his day a prominent member of St. Andrews University and Balliol, and at Balliol he used to read the Bible in his red St. Andrews gown, although a very genial and jovial type of Christian. After a distinguished career in the House of Commons and at the Scottish Bar the author became a sheriff in spite of his being already a prominent outdoor evangelist. Unfortunately the sheriff's fine voice cannot be reproduced in print, but his genuine enthusiasm shines through every page, and he makes a very good case for his thesis that Christianity does not consist of austere melancholy but of happiness—and happiness as real as any that can be obtained in this world. The legal side of him is well represented in his comments on international efforts to stop war and in his blistering criticism of the defunct League of Nations and its successor. Even those who are not entirely converted by the author will hardly contest his statement that "there is no more sombre sign of the decay of Christian civilization and the rise of a new Pagan religion than the revival of slavery in what was Christendom; and the torrent of cruelty that has been loosed on mankind—the deportation into servitude of masses of men and women; the horrors of concentration camps; brutalities to Jews; the shooting of 'hostages'; the return to torture; the 'liquidation' of millions who disagree with or are inconvenient to the governing gang."

E. S. P. H.



"Meet the wife."

Home Chat

"I CAN'T help it, darling, I will not go to any dance where the dress is optional."

"My sweet, it is only out of consideration for those just out of the services."

"You can't mess about with men's conventions. The thing is either a parade or it isn't."

"How typical of a man who has just fought a war for freedom!"

"I did not fight for optional dress at dances."

"But, darling, these people don't know how many men have still got evening clothes. They don't want anyone to stay away because he hasn't. As you have tails, I should put them on."

"What do you mean . . . 'put them on'? You speak as if tails were something extra, pinned on at the last minute like a rosette, or beads, or something. Tails means a tail-coat, and you wear it."

"Now, darling, you want to go to the dance. You have been asking all the week if Sylvia will be there."

"Very well, if you wish me to go, I shall get ready. Have I a dress shirt, do you suppose?"

"I've no idea, darling. It's the first time you've asked for one since 1939."

"Then you will not have had my silk hat ironed?"

"People do not wear silk hats nowadays. Wear an Anthony Eden like anybody else."

"I am prepared to wear an Anthony Eden with a dinner jacket, darling, but not with tails."

"Then go without a hat."

"This cannot be my only white waistcoat?"

"If you would only be sensible and go in a dinner jacket, darling, you would not need a white waistcoat."

"My sweet, if we have reached an age in which men take their glamorous wives to dances in dinner jackets, I simply do not know what tradition we have been fighting for."

"But you could wear a white tie with it."

"That is the prerogative of waiters."

"I keep telling you that dress nowadays is optional. Waiters have nothing to do with it. The prerogative lies with you."

"Then do you say I should wear tails with a black waistcoat?"

"A white tie would make it more gay."

"I really cannot understand intelligent people giving a dance of this importance and not laying it down in a foolproof manner what I am expected to come in. Can you imagine a Victory Parade in which the troops were not told whether to carry ground-sheets outside the flap of the haversack or inside?"

"Mrs. Mortimer has done her best, darling, by leaving it to your imagination."

"Then I am glad she did not plan D Day. I suppose she would have made zero-hour optional."

"Is this a better white waistcoat?"

"It is not a white waistcoat at all. It is a thing I wore at a fancy dress, as a huntsman."

"Then go as a huntsman to-night! It might look rather fetching."

"Here is my white waistcoat. Where are the buttons?"

"When you went into the Army, darling, you put all those things away

yourself. 'Good-bye to all that,' you said, and seemed rather affected. Now you have no idea where you put them? How like a man! What are these?"

"My demob cuff-links."

"Would they do?"

"At a pinch. If I took them off the shanks, I suppose, and stuck matches through them. Where are my dress-shirt studs?"

"Here, in your shirt."

"Those are the laundry ones."

"No need to snort. You are very lucky. Laundries do not give studs away nowadays, I can tell you."

"Tcha! This thing won't meet."

"Now you see the whole idea of making dress optional. After six years most men will find their clothes don't fit. All you can do is to match them up as best you can."

"Have you a needle and cotton?"

"No, darling, all you can do with that is to pull it right off."

"I had no idea these collars used to be so high. I suppose it's the contrast, after battle-dress."

"Which tie are you going to wear?"

"This single-end one, but I have forgotten how to tie it."

"Are these your dress shoes?"

"Yes, but they are all over mildew or something. And this one has had something resting on it, and looks like a double-jointed toe."

"Wear an ordinary pair of black shoes. You could put on a wonderful polish if you boned them like your sergeant-major did your chin-strap."

"Darling!"

"No one would notice."

"Then why bone them? I say, these socks look blue in this light."

"Yes, sweet, but they are dark blue, and it can't really matter much."

"You see, darling, you enjoyed yourself enormously. I haven't seen you in such good form for ages."

"Oh, it was quite amusing, but it was just as I said. The men had all taken the same line I took."

"How very disappointing for Mrs. Mortimer! She gave you the chance of realizing you weren't in the Army now, and every one of you goes to endless trouble to make sure you all look absolutely alike."



Hollowood

"It's going to be a rum kind of spring, isn't it, without an offensive?"

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**GUARANTEED
100% NON-SLIP**

Furmoto shines floors like glass—produces a hard, tread-proof and waterproof surface on any kind of flooring and linoleum—yet on it you can't slip an inch. Because of this it is the only polish you should use. Avoid accident claims as result of anyone falling on slippery floors. You are absolutely safe with Furmoto, for with every tin is given

£100 FREE INSURANCE AGAINST SLIPPING

Sold in tins, 1/6, 3/6, 5/6 and larger sizes at Oilshops, Grocers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc.

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FURMOTO CHEMICAL CO., 1-3, Brixton Rd., London, S.W.9

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SOLITAIRE Shoe Polish de Luxe

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RANSOMES LAWN MOWERS will again resume their place as the World's finest machines, upholding their past reputation for ease in working and LASTING QUALITY.

During the present cutting season limited supplies only will be available, when they will be allocated for distribution through Ironmongers, from whom particulars should be obtained.

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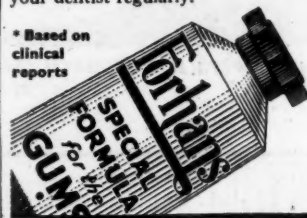


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Guard against—Tender, Sore, Spongy and Bleeding Gums. Dentists, for many years, have used Forhans astringent and reported completely satisfactory results. They also recommend Forhans Special Formula for the Gums Dentifrice for use at home because it contains the special ingredient of Forhans astringent. See your dentist regularly.

* Based on
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Your nails and hands will always look well-groomed when using this **NEW SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT.** NO MESS!! NO BOTHER!! Just squeeze a little on your nail brush and shampoo your nails and hands. Presto!! Your nails and hands become immaculate immediately.

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clean the lavatory**



1 EASY TO USE

To clean the lavatory, all you need to do is sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good idea). Then flush.

2 THOROUGH

Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you don't see, as well.

3 DISINFECTS AS WELL

Not only does Harpic remove all discoloration—it cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan.

HARPIC

4396 Harpic Mfg. Co. Ltd., Hull & London

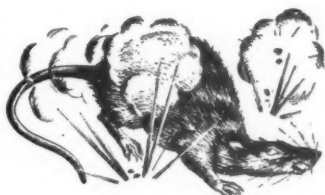
It is one thing to be told to gargle, another to keep up the good work. So here is a really reliable antiseptic made a pleasure to taste, a pleasure to smell and a regular pleasure to use.

Dettolin leaves your mouth and throat so clean, feeling so fragrant and refreshed,

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RATIN SERVICE

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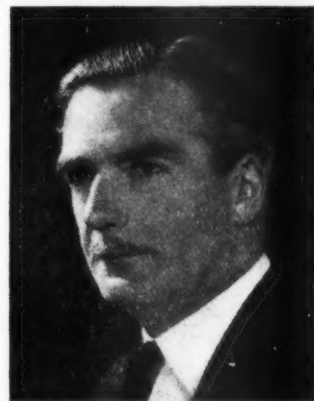
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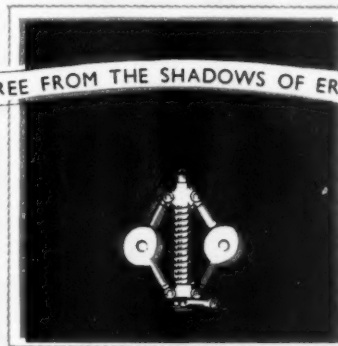
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